

many delegates. We have no slate, neither have we a programme. Every nomination with the exception of Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals, which is generally conceded to Judge John Clinton Gray, is open.

"Every candidate will have a fair opportunity to present his claims, and the men best fitted for the nominations will be selected."

Chairman Frank Campbell conveyed

the impression that Judge Parker will be forced to make the run for Governor, make the run for Governor.

"He ought to be the candidate," said Mr. Campbell, "and I think he will be."

"Do you mean that in the face of his repeated refusals to believe he will take the nomination?" Mr. Campbell was asked.

"Certainly," was the reply. "There is no reason why Judge Parker should not make a sacrifice for his party, as many other Democrats have done."

## MURPHY'S TRAIN NEARS SARATOGA

Tammany Boss and His Guests Arrive Late at Poughkeepsie and Had a Light Lunch.

MISSED HOST AT FIRST.

(Special to The Evening World.)

ON BOARD TAMMANY TRAIN. POUGHKEEPSIE.—fifty minutes late, Sept. 22.—The first section of the car-



Big Tim and Little Tim with the Color boom.

van of the Get Together Club with Boss Murphy and his "happy family" in the forward car, paused here for a ten-minute respite with sole leather sandwiches, sawdust pie and other delicacies of the railroad restaurant lunch. As every car on the Pullman train was stacked with eatables and drinkables there was not much in it for the famous Poughkeepsie lunch room.

But while the train tarried Thomas B. Muir, President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and John E. Borne, President of the Colonial Trust Company, joined Boss Murphy's happy family, and they found the Chief chatting with Arthur Brisbane about the latter's chances as candidate for Congress to succeed the late Amos J. Cummings in the old Tenth District and for the full term in the new Eleventh.

There was a panic in the Boss's contingent when the train moved out of the Grand Central Station, for the Chief was not there. So one had seen him, and it looked like "Hamlet" without the melancholy Dane. "Jim" Gaffney, in charge of the Murphy special car, Brother "Johnny" Murphy and other

## SIX TRAINS OF HOT DEMOCRATS.

Three Thousand of Them Off to Saratoga to Help Select State Ticket Candidates.

THEY GO IN PULLMANS.

They're off! Six trainloads of them. Three thousand New York Democrats are descending upon Saratoga. Sheehanes, Tammany braves, with host-

ages from the camps of former enemies; Brooklynites from the Willowby street auction room and the Jefferson Club; Nick Muller and Cassidy with the Richmond and Queens Borough hordes, and last of all, but not least in noise, bustle, and hubbub, the "Front," the chesty "Bill" Devery and 500 lowbrowed henchmen from the embattled Ninth Assembly District.

Seventy-five Pullman coaches full of the "great unwashed and unperfected" Democracy of the metropolis, and they will all land in the Summer City before dark.

The Greater New York Democracy contingent, 125 strong, formed the vanguard, headed by John C. Sheehan, Wheeler H. Peckham, John De Witt Warner, Chairman John P. Kelly, of the General Committee; William H. Russell and ex-Senator Louis Munger. They are content with two Pullman coaches attached to the regular train out of the Grand Central station, leaving fifteen minutes ahead of the first section of the Tammany Hall forty-three-car special.

Buttressed up in the inside pocket of John C. Sheehan's coat were affidavits



Frank Butler (Devery captain) takes glass of Saratoga water.

and other documents which he may or may not use to-morrow in a contest with William Stephen Devery for the Ninth District seats in the State Convention. The affidavits are of fraudulent voting at the late primaries, colonization and other real wicked practices on the part of Devery's men. Whether Mr. Sheehan will make the contest or not will depend on whether James K. McGuire or Senator McCarren voices the temper of the convention. McGuire says Devery shall not enter the convention. McCarren says he does not see how Devery's confessed regularity can be upset.

Following the cars in which the new



Johnnie on the Spot.

party was incubating, the hosts of Tammany embarked in three trains, scheduled to leave at ten minute intervals; the first one at 10:05 o'clock.

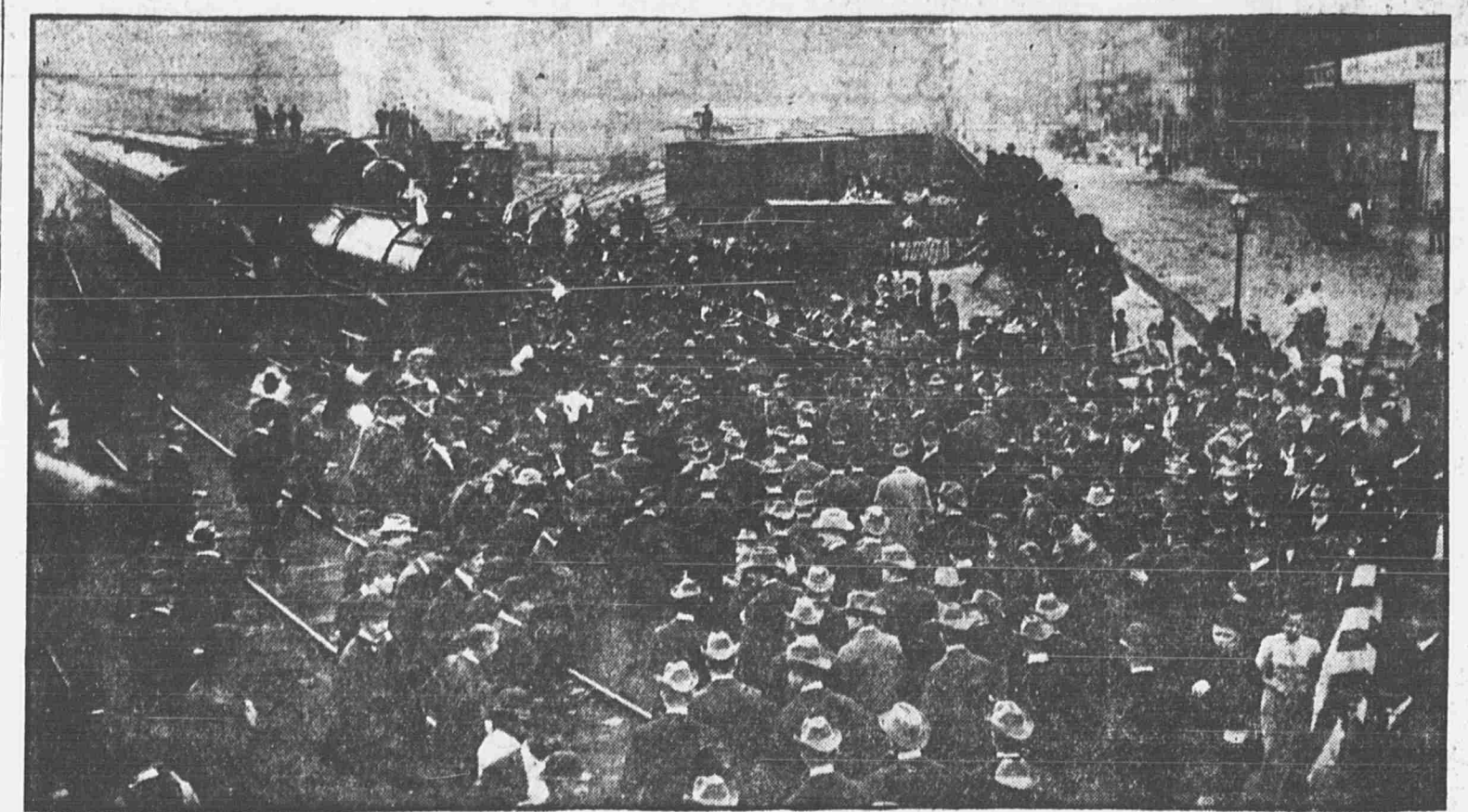
While the leaders stood around waiting for their men to get into the trains, some of them talked politics. Among them was Borough President Cassidy, of Queens.

"Some Tammany men came over to see me last night," he said confidentially, "and tried to get me to vote against Devery in the convention."

"Are you going to do it?"

"Not on your life," was the sharp response. "Devery is anti-Crocker and so am I. Murphy is only a figurehead for

## DEVERY DELEGATION BOARDING SARATOGA SPECIAL TRAIN IN ELEVENTH AVENUE.



(Photographed Expressly for The Evening World.)

Crocker and I'm with Devery."

As he said this he looked at Goodwin and his crowd from the Ninth, who went up with the Tammany men to contest Devery's election.

No Hope for Goodwin.

Goodwin had a grip full of affidavits, but even the Tammany men did not think they would be able to seat him in the convention.

Lewis Nixon went with Leader Murphy's train, but sat with his own delegation.

"I'm for the candidate who will win and the platform that doesn't do it," he said. "I have no candidate of my own."

Blm the Button Man was there. He has a lot of color buttons about two inches in diameter. Under the picture are the words, "Filius, Triet and True."

"What does Filius mean, 'Blm'?" some one asked him.

"Fearless," said "Blm." "Fearless, Triet and True, that makes a darned good motto."

But how did "Blm" know?

Senator George Washington Plankitt, whose home was in "a room and a bedroom" when the Democrats of the Fifteenth first chose him for their leader, and "Adam was a boy," was in charge of the Tammany excursion.

He had 1500 passengers to disperse, and thirty-five district organizations to accommodate. But he has done this job for Tammany annually since John Kelly's days, and when the train arrived each man found awaiting him a ticket which told him just which Pullman coach and which seat in it was his.

The braves in their best war paint, high hats and frock coats, began to swarm around the Grand Central station at 8:30, and good people who honestly believe that Tammany is a dreadfully high roller must have been surprised had they been at the station during their arrival.

Church folk might have mistaken the braves for Sunday-school excursionists, for many of them carried lunch boxes, and some had generous baskets bulging with things to eat. Aside from this, each district organization had a



"Pete" Garvey, Eddie Schneider and "Pump" in the new fedora hats.

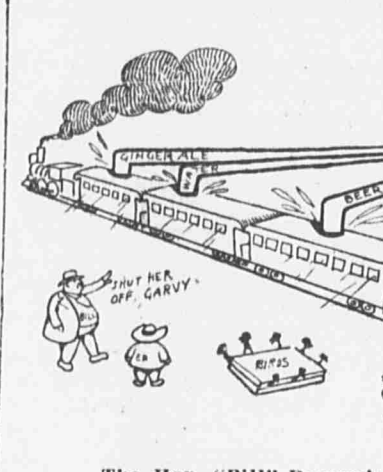
commissary department, and oddly the commissary for each district seems to have labored under the impression that he needed to lay in refreshments of the liquid variety only, for there were stacks and stacks of cases of bottles having the kind of "labels" and "seals" one reads about in "Tales of the Tensideion." So it was fortunate that the braves brought along a few sandwiches and pretzels themselves.

The first section fifteen Pullmans long, was the train of distinction, and the first car was its most distinguished feature.

Here Charles F. Murphy, the new chieftain of the new Tammany, held his court, and an oriental potentate on his bear-skin throne was ever more regal than the "silent man" from the gas-house district. No Zulu chieftain ever surveyed with greater pride an array of captives after a triumphant march before the Wigwam, nor sat by its

Murphy's Silk Stockings.

Here, willing captives of the new potentate of the organization, were Lewis Nixon, his predecessor at the head of Tammany who threw down the crown and sceptre in disgust because he was permitted only to reign and could not rule; August Belmont, the multi-millionaire financier whose name he bears and who, though the father was never before crooked the pregnant hinges of the golden gates of Tammany; and John G. Carroll, Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of "the saintly Cleveland," as a Tammanyite called the ex-President, who always scorned the Fourteenth street party. J. Edward Simmons,



The Hon. "Bill" Devery's train will make no stops.

James Sullivan and James T. Woodward, bank presidents, who could not and would not follow Tammany into the fifty-cent dollar mile in 1896 and 1900; James W. Gerard, Jr., John B. McDonald, the builder of the rapid transit; Col. George H. Dyer, of the Twelfth Regiment, son of aristocracy and representative of "the gentleman in politics"; John A. McGill, president of the New York Life Insurance Company; William Scherer, William Pitt Mitchell, Col. Franklin T. Bartlett, who "hasn't been much of a Democrat" since



A sketch of Tom Foley with one of Devery's outing caps two sizes too large. Tom has a bottle with him which he will fill with Saratoga water for a friend.

the first attack of Bryanism; ex-Comptroller Ashbel P. Fitch, George Gillett (Jewett), the first State conventionist, who has been present since 1891, from from Indicting a crook because of his politics; Percy M. Stewart, Mayor Low's superintendent of the Building Department; ex-Mayor Thomas F. Gilroy, and others whose presence in this caravan of Tammany reminded one of the fable of the lion and the lamb which lay down together—the lamb inside the lion.

The scene would have made the Rev. Percy S. Grant, who said Murphy belonged to the stone age, gasp.

"Murphy's car, as No. 1 train was called, got the title of 'the happy family' because of its suggestion of a collection of incongruities, like the one in the menagerie in which cats, dogs and



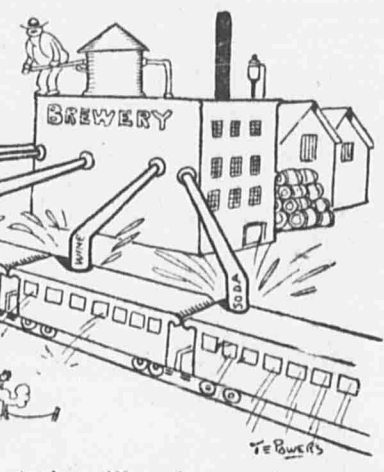
Larry Delmour gets an early start to Saratoga.

McLaughlin Makes the Trip.

Hugh McLaughlin, Democratic boss of Kings County, left to-day for Saratoga to attend the first State convention. He, at that time, worked for the nomination of Governor of Alfred C. Chapin, former Mayor of Brooklyn, who turned down by the State leaders, and

Something occurred last night to determine McLaughlin to go to Saratoga to-day. He refused to discuss his reason for going, but he appeared at the Willowby street auction room, disguised in a clean shave and a new suit of clothes. When asked if he was going in the interests of Coler, McLaughlin merely stared out the window.

Coler was at the auction rooms, talking with McLaughlin's lieutenants in a half-hearted way and looking decidedly glum. Asked if he intended going to the Convention he replied: "Of course not."



The Hon. "Bill" Devery's train will make no stops.

carrying two immense floral pumps of red and white immortelles. Pump, the dog, stumped along in leash looking as savage as Devery when interviewed about his money.

Procession Under Way.

Then came the constituents, uproariously noisy and loyal. The sidewalks were lined with men, women and babies, and they cheered with a will as the procession moved off.

The line of march was up to the Pump, across past the leader's house to Ninth avenue, up Ninth to Thirty-fourth street, and then over to Eleventh avenue, where the train of five Pullmans and two day coaches was waiting to receive them.

Family Applauds "the Chief."

Going through Twenty-eighth street the Chief's home stood his wife, his mother-in-law and his two daughters. They applauded and he waved at them cheerfully.

With this to encourage them, little Mamie Hanley, dressed in red, and his ten-year-old nephew, Willie, ran out into the street. Each took him by a hand and marched along to the train.

From the windows of the houses of the neighbors there were thrown bunches of flowers and "Big Bill" swelled all the bigger as he bowed to the women throwers.

There was no disposition to go into details as to what the drinkables consisted of beyond sparkling water, but as Devery gave it out last night, that he expected all of his men to confine themselves to a glass of whiskey, less really ill, there were probably more than 300 quarts of liquor on board.

The train got under way at 11 o'clock with Devery on the rear platform grinning like Cheesecake and waving his fat hands at the thousands that were speeding him on his way.

Non-Union Fedoras?

With a whoop and a roar, the triumphant and defiant Deverities—250 strong—boarded their own special train at 11 o'clock this morning and started for the Democratic State Convention at Saratoga.

The Ninth District was out to the last man and woman interested in politics to see "Big Bill" and his followers off. It was the biggest day since the primary that downed Sheehan and Goodwin. Eighth avenue from Twenty-third street to Thirty-fourth street looked like a county fair. It was jammed with cheering thousands and alive with fakirs selling Devery buttons, convention badges, red, white and blue wrapped canes and other trappings.

From 7 o'clock on the street before the Twenty-third street headquarters was almost impassable. The new leader's henchmen were out early whipping things into shape to give the district an object lesson on his popularity and power.

The Pump Improbable.

Men were rushing up to Peter Garvey, "Big Bill's" chief lieutenant, giving him enough advice to run a whole convention and offering all sorts of new mascots. Pump, the bulldog, was there in all his glory. He sat on his stubby tail and looked wise while "Bud" Gorman, his custodian, said unspcakable things to a man who brought two black kittens along to help Pump do the mascotting.

These kittens, named Pump and The Chief, were born on the day of the primaries, and their owner thought they would be acceptable as mascots.

"G'wan wit' you," said "Bud" scornfully. "D'you tink we're old maids? We don't want no kittens wit' us. It's bullpups or nuttin'."

As "Bud" was once an ornament of the prize ring the kittens did not join the procession.

Non-Union Hats.

At 9 o'clock Garvey began handing out the 30 cent dove-colored fedoras hats which are to be the identification marks of the Ninth District men. They are from "Bill" to his constituents.

"Pretty fine," said one of the men as he tried his on to see if it fitted. This determined, he took it off, turned out the leather band and looked for the union label.

There were no marks inside.

"Hully gee," whispered the man, awestruck. "If the gang gets onto this it'll finish the 'Chief.' I never wore a scab hat before, but I'll git a poke in the eye if I open me head now."

So he marched away without more ado to take his place in the line. The procession formed at Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue at 10 o'clock. Devery, who had kept out of sight in the early hours, showed up in time to take his position behind the band of twenty pieces, led by Joe Alger, the smallest

drum major in existence. He stands four feet high. To-day he was gorgeous in a white coat and red trousers and quite took the shine off the "Chief."

Would Leave Off Hamlet!

Alger took it for granted that the line was to move as soon as Devery appeared. He started his band and the men began to march.

"H! there, you dubs," bawled Devery. "Hold on! I'm in this a little. Wait for me."

The procession halted and broke as the leader began to deal out the railroad tickets.

Men fought to get near enough to get a ticket.

"What a lot of grifters there are in this town," remarked the Chief, as he shoved back the hungry bunch. "Here, you lot to a man who was too ostentatious, 'take this ticket, and I hope you never come back!' This formally over, the line started again, and waving his

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## MURDERED WIFE IS LAID TO REST.

Mrs. Harry O. Rose Buried While Her Husband Mourns Her in His Cell.

HE WANTED TO PAY ALL.

While her husband lay weeping in the Tomb this afternoon the body of Mrs. Harry O. Rose, who was murdered by him on Saturday morning, was prayed over and laid to rest.

The funeral was private. It took place in the undertaking rooms of Louis Roth, No. 333 Seventh avenue, where the body was taken on Saturday. Only the members of her family, including her mother and her sister, Mrs. Charles Zimmerman, were present.

The Rev. Edward S. Halloway, of No. 350 West Thirty-third street, officiated. Among the floral offerings was a large pillow of red carnations and lilies of the valley, on which were the words: "My Beloved Belle." It was said that this came from Rose, although there was no card attached. The undertaker said it was left at his shop by a boy, and that there was nothing on it to indicate from which shop it came.

The interment was in the family plot of the Proctors, in Woodlawn Cemetery.

The expense of the funeral was borne by Mr. Zimmerman, although it was almost the first request of the murderer after his arrest that he should be allowed to bear this burden.

Mysterious Man Calls.

The body lay all yesterday at Roth's shop, and was visited by many persons who had known the woman and admired her. Just before the shop closed, at 10 o'clock last night, a tall man of striking appearance came in alone. He carried a large bunch of white roses.

He asked Roth to be allowed to see the dead woman's face. When the undertaker pulled back the slide the man looked straight into the dead face until his eyes filled with tears. Then without a word he laid the roses on the coffin and walked out.

Roth did not know who he was, but he did not answer the description of Samuel F. Adams, the real estate broker, whose alleged attentions to the woman called the jealous husband to kill her. It is thought he may have been the New Jersey admirer whom Mrs. Rose is said to have forsaken because of her acquaintance with Adams.

Police Captains Shaken Up.

(Continued from First Page.)

all the doors of the buildings are properly locked and barred at night.

Capt. Walsh Means Business.

All disorderly persons in the Tenderloin are warned to get out before Wednesday morning by "Smiling Dick" Walsh, new police captain, who takes command on that date.

"I am sent to clean the Tenderloin and it shall be cleaned," said Capt. Walsh, as he rode the Berlin, Cairo, Savoy and places similar to where the murder was committed in Twenty-ninth street, shall have my first and personal attention. If they are disorderly and the law can reach them, I'll give them a chance.

"Every woman we can catch soliciting on the streets will be arrested and my search will be thorough. I shall have an extra force of plain clothes men and they will patrol the streets."

"I do not know the conditions in the Tenderloin. I do know the conditions in the Red Light District when I had it for two years. The conditions were vile. I cleaned it."

"I am sent to the Tenderloin with instructions to clean it if it needs cleaning. I shall do so."

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NOTABLE TRAVELLERS.

LONDON, Sept. 22.—The White Star line steamer Teutonic, which sails from Liverpool Oct. 1 for New York, will have among her passengers Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, "Hen" Green, the Earl of Yarmouth, Mrs. Ogilvy-Haig and J. Drexel.

Runaway Horse Stepped on Child, Which Was Saved in Time to Avoid Serious Injury.

A horse attached to an ice wagon belonging to Herman Singerland, of No. 132 East One Hundred and First street, ran away while Singerland was delivering ice in the basement of a house in East Seventy-eighth street to-day and created considerable excitement.

The animal took fright at the noise made by a siren whistle on a Second avenue "L" train. As he approached First avenue he dragged the ice wagon up on the sidewalk, where some children were playing. They scattered at the approach of the reeling horse, but one little girl, Irene Lemhan, four years old, in her anxiety to save her doll was knocked down by the horse, which stepped on the child.

The child's mother, who was on the opposite side of the street, ran over, and grabbing her little girl as she fell pulled her away just as the wheels of the wagon were about to run over her. The little girl was not seriously injured.

The flight of the frightened animal ended at the next house, where the wagon struck the wooden stoop, demolished it and threw the horse, which fell in an arroyo, from which he was lifted with the aid of ropes and planks, and slung again to the wagon.

## TOTS STARVING; PARENTS DYING.

Four Little Ones Reduced by Hunger Almost to the Point of Death.

WILL BE ORPHANS SOON

They came into the Children's Court to-day so wan and weak that their thin little legs almost crumpled beneath them. They look no student of human misery to tell their story at a glance, but not all of it. They were worn with hunger. This much their fever-burning eyes and claw-like hands wrote down at once, but there was worse to learn.

Their father lies dying of consumption in one hospital and their mother in another. A few days more and the four little ones will be orphans, but they will at least have enough to eat, for the city is to be their foster father and mother in one.

The names of the unfortunates are Bertha, Sophie, Sarah and Samuel Gellert, aged eight, seven, six and four years respectively. They were in charge of Agent Fogarty, of the Children's Society. He told Magistrate Olmsted that they were found starving last night at No. 215 East Ninety-eighth street.

Children Ate Ravenously.

Their mother, Mrs. Yetta Gellert, was sent with her year-old baby to the Harlem Hospital, and the other children were taken to the Children's Society rooms and fed. They ate ravenously, for they had had nothing but stale bread for several days.

An Evening World reporter who went to the tenement house in which the Gellerts live found that the lot of the family had been really frightful, even when compared to the many miserable cases which it seems to exist in a great city like this.

From the janitor of the tenement, John Klebe, it was learned that the family had once been prosperous.

Gellert was a good carpenter and earned good wages while he was able to work. Several years ago he contracted consumption. This decreased his earning power. He could do little work in the winter and was forced to draw on his savings.

As he grew worse he was unable to work in the summer. He was forced to move his family to poorer quarters. Six weeks ago his condition was such that he was taken to Mt. Sinai Hospital. The doctors said that he could not recover. They set to work to get him strong enough to move him to one of their consumptive homes, where he might die decently at any rate.

Wife, Too, a Victim.

But meantime the unfortunate wife had contracted consumption from her husband. She tried to work after he went to the hospital, but she grew rapidly weaker and was finally obliged to go to bed.

The other inmates of the tenement, crowded as it was, were a little, just enough to keep the children alive. Last night Klebe saw that they should die if not helped, and he was not obtained, so he called in the police.

At the Harlem Hospital it was said to-day that Mrs. Gellert would surely die. The doctors think that the year-old baby will die, too, for it is still at her breast and in a very weak condition.

The mother is grieving for her older children, for she realizes that she cannot live and she knows, too, that their father must die. They have no relatives in this country.

Magistrate Olmsted sent the children to the Bureau of Dependent Children, from which they will be transferred to an orphan asylum.

NEW YORKER CAUSED DEATH.

Coroner Blames Herbert Marble for Auto Killing.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 22.—Coroner Mix reported to-day on his inquiry into the death of John Moiz, of North Haven, who, while driving on the evening of Sept. 22, collided with an automobile and received fatal injuries.

The Coroner finds that Herbert A. Marble, of No. 323 Fifth avenue, New York, who was driving the automobile, is criminally responsible for the death of Moiz; that he was driving his machine in a careless and reckless manner, and was not on his right side of the road at the time of the collision.

Marble has been held by the Wallingford authorities under bonds since the accident. His companions in the automobile, Harold B. Tuttle and two young women of New Haven, will appear in the case as witnesses.